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Adam

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COLLECTOR'S
EDITION

a word from ADAM

HERE'S TO the *ladies*! Let us stand, one and all, and raise a drink to the *ladies*!

To what more delightful thing can a man dedicate himself than the *ladies*! Not since Adam gave up a rib to create Eve has there been anything better than the *ladies*!

From the hirsute cave-man who sallied forth with club in hand, down to today's gray flannel-suited bon vivants who mix heady shakers of martinis, the best objects to pursue have always been the *ladies*!

ADAM magazine fixes its editorial eye upon the *ladies* — and man's Immemorial Chase after them. ADAM does this all in fun. ADAM intends to be gay, zesty and frothy.

Also, on a note of intellectual curiosity, ADAM will explore the byways of history to find out how people of another age regarded the *ladies*. ADAM will visit other human societies — modern and ancient — to find out about the *ladies*.

If ADAM shocks you, it is sheerly accidental, for we have naught in mind but to be entertaining and informative.

So, for rollicking healthy enjoyment, welcome to our merry editorial den. Quaff a cup of cheer with us in a toast to the *ladies*; bless every single one of them.

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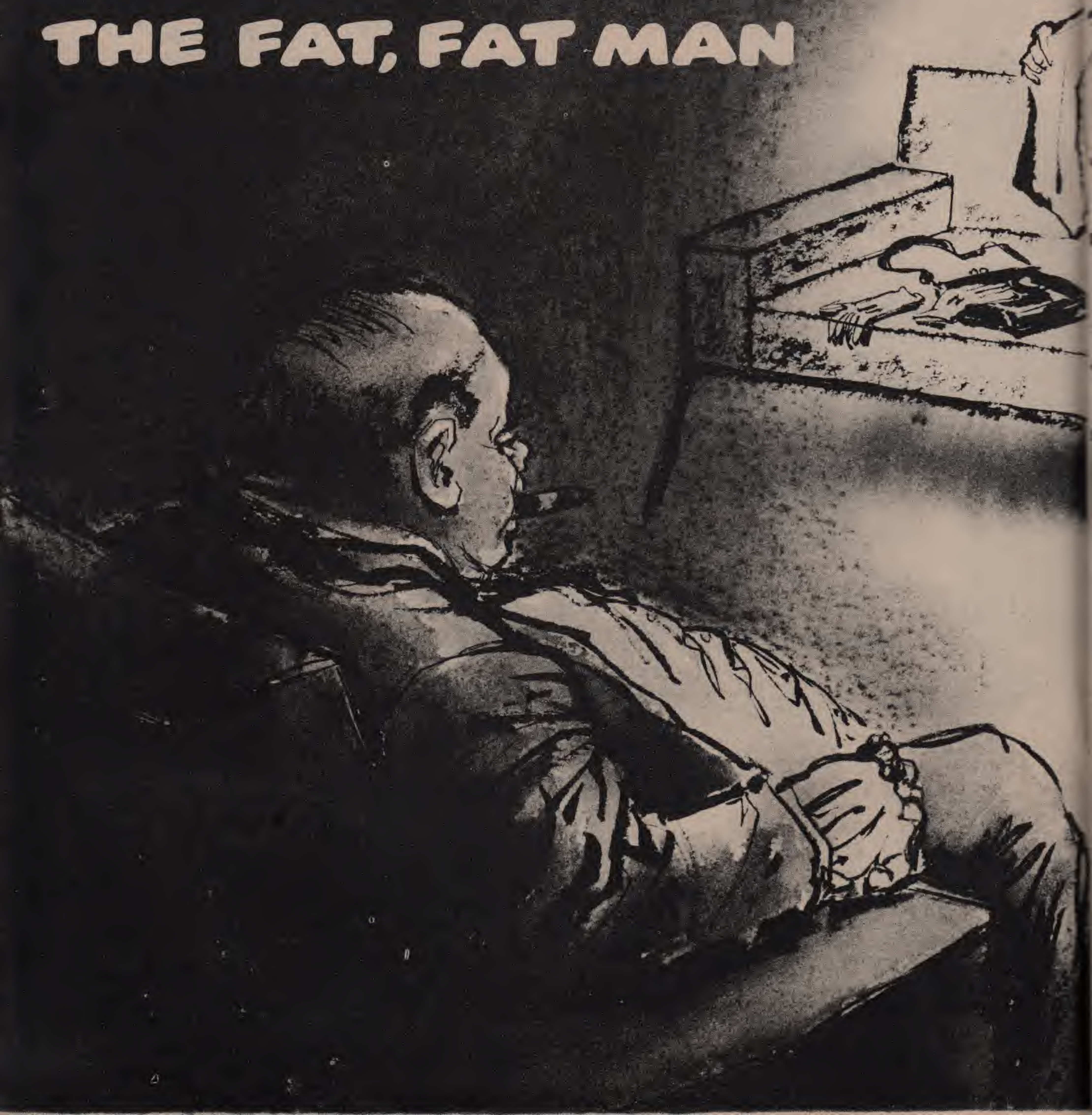
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THE FAT, FAT MAN — <i>fiction</i>	L. E. COBAIN	4
A VISIT TO A PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO		7
	<i>pictorial</i>	
NUDITY AND FASHIONS — <i>article</i>		10
THE FUN IN HOLLYWOOD BESIDES MOVIES		12
	<i>pictorial</i>	
NO GREATER FRIENDSHIP — <i>fiction</i>		16
	K. ROBERT HOWARD	
THE NIGHTTIME LADIES OF PARIS — <i>pictorial</i> . .		20
ADAM'S EVE — <i>special pictorial</i>		26
THE HUMBLE SWEEP AND THE NOBLE LADY		28
	<i>fiction</i> — ARABIAN NIGHTS	
THE BEAUTY TAKES TO THE HILLS — <i>pictorial</i> . . .		32
ANNIE — <i>fiction</i>	JIMMY VALENTINE	34
SOFTLY WITH MUSIC — <i>fiction</i>	JAY JOHNSON	42
ADAM'S TALES — <i>humor</i>		51

Adam

VOL. 1 NO. 1

THE FAT, FAT MAN



by L. E. COBAIN

TERRANCE RICHARD Souza walked down the back lot of the movie studio. He walked slowly because he was a very heavy man. Not only a fat man, but a fat, fat man. His shoes were specially constructed to hold his immense weight, and his perfectly fitted clothes bespoke the ingenious skill of the tailor. It was a hot California afternoon, and he sweated profusely, mopping his huge face frequently with an imported expensive handkerchief.

He arrived at his destination, the shooting area of his personally arranged historical pageant, the kind they call "breasts and tight crotch thrillers." In these films, the breast department called for the most buxom, with all the cleavage the production code allowed. And there were plenty of ways to show what was known to be there, and much more could be suggested. For instance, there was always a scene in which the heroine, after much heated love making, would wind up in the castle, or the captain's well furnished cabin, and the undressing would begin. And if the star in the picture was on her way up in the frantic struggle for success in Hollywood, the scene would actually be a real enough strip. For it would be her purpose to win the affection and the admiration and the beginning of gossip stories about herself.

These days in order to succeed in Hollywood, a girl must have the visible beauty of femininity, and have the difficult task of youthful modesty and a teasing stripper at the same time.

She must be willing to show her breasts as though it were the most natural action in the world, and those breasts must be well proportioned, firm, fuller and more luscious than most of the ordinary women that ordinary men usually know. Yet, she must be unattainable, a dream-wish, a fantasy. In this way, the magic of the screen is perpetuated.

Now, "T.R." was a man who made his dreams come true. He could buy his dreams into reality. He owned the studio, and only took charge of the most expensive productions, and these usually were the biggest money makers. He was a young man when he first realized the value of the strip tease on the screen. Now as he walked up the phony street, with the phony

—turn the page



He could buy any woman he wanted

sets, he wet his mouth with his tongue, which reflected his mounting desire. Here was this man's tragic-comedy story. He was a fat man, but just not fat, a fat, fat man. Science, doctors, and the brilliant Mayo clinic couldn't help him. He could starve himself, stay on diets, get massaged, spend thousands of dollars, but could not undo the strange bodily *quirk* that made him gain weight, it seemed, out of the very air he breathed. Yet, in the huge, grotesque body, was a man of passionate and burning desire for physical contact with beautiful women.

What woman would want him? That didn't stop him, because he could *buy* any woman he wanted. There were a few women in Hollywood, a town with the most beauty per square bra and panties than any city in the entire world. Most of them could be bought. If not with actual dollars and cents, with prestige, with proposed stardom . . . with the bright shining tantalizing chance to become a brilliant star, and shine from countless silver screens in thrilling passionate embraces with handsome men . . . filling the meager lives of the multitudes throughout the prosaic world.

But "T.R." could make those dreams come true. Once he remembered casting a part in a picture in which the leading man tore the dress from the heroine. In "T.R.'s" approach, her back

was to the camera, according to the Code, but in the slight sway of the body, the outline of the breasts were voluptuously and deliciously briefly seen, as though this were a fleeting after-thought.

And he, "T.R." took the trouble himself in finding the right girl with the ripe fullness of breasts that would provide this tantalizing tid-bit. In one day he interviewed over fifty women. The procedure was always the same, but the results were as different as there were women.

The girls were asked to come at specific times, because "T.R." was efficient and prompt and never kept anyone waiting. In this way, the dignity of the interview was preserved; there was no frenzy or hurry.

"T.R." had a set procedure. Each girl would step into a luxuriously appointed office. It would be delightful and relaxed as she would sit down on the sofa, and would be offered a drink. Then "T.R." would say something about the special production and the need for new faces in Hollywood, and the golden opportunity this would be for a new talented face. The rest of the body was merely implied. Then he would show her some of the sketches of the costumes, specially drawn for this interview. The illustrated breasts were practically exposed in all their ripe, creamy fullness, with

just a hint of flimsy lace covering the coral tinted tip.

Then he would say, "Step into the dressing room and undress. You'll find a fresh negligee." With "T.R.'s" money one could provide such luxury. When she was out of sight he would touch a button and lights would fill an area of his office and a white, soft, couch would be spotlighted. The girl would emerge and he would lead her by the hand to this lighted area. Then he would walk back into the shadowy past of his office. He would direct the young woman to unclothe herself while he looked closely.

You see, "T.R." was a man of immense proportion, actually he was grotesquely fat. He was inwardly furious that his sensitive and highly erotic soul was incased in this mountain of flesh. His reason for stepping into the shadow of his office, he didn't want the young woman to see the delight, yet anguished desire on his face when he saw the delicate, curving lines of the feminine body, and the special lifting of the breasts with variety of shape and size. A sight he never grew tired of seeing. It was to him, a special kind of beauty. Some men grew roses and admired their texture and fragrance, others etched their inner dreams in statues, or paint, still others unable to attain their inner visions, the inner compelling drive to the breast, would become explorers, or architects . . . and build and search and look, each unconsciously reaching out for that soft, yielding, filling feminine breast.

But with "T.R." he could have anyone of these unbelievable beautiful women. He had only to reach out and touch them, and say the magic words. "You're my next star." This beauty, the unattainable dream for most men would be his. For a time.

There was a great big, shattering *but*. For one thing, "T.R." was honest, and with himself. He never fooled himself. He knew that he could never in this life hope for the *one thing* that made all of his effort, his driving force, his possession of hundreds, nay, thousands of woman in the years he was grown to manhood, a fat manhood, and a power in Hollywood. That one thing was *love*. If you have ever once experienced that deliciously, thrilling sensation of having a woman love you completely, body and soul, and give herself to you freely with no strings attached, no money, no furs, or cars, or expensive gifts . . . nothing, but the ripe, overflowing sweetness of their love, given freely and generously, and with a heated passion that only a few women were capable of attaining.

That was what "T.R." wanted with all the murmuring of his specially

—turn to page 24



"Oh, some fellow comes home and finds his wife with a strange man
— but the guy got away before we got here."



**a visit to
a photographer
to see
joanne arnold**



THE AVERAGE male (or so it seems to him) does not often encounter women with lovely soft lines like Joanne Arnold. So his low whistle at photos like these is tribute also to the discriminating taste of the photographer who found her. Photographers of the female form grant us life's extra joys.

However, there's much more than meets the eye in the finished photograph. The nude is not an easy subject to record — when one seeks to combine the model's own intriguing personality with the attractiveness of



her undraped body. After all, the American Male is a critical creature; his standards demand the best. The mood, the pose, the lighting, the timing, the art of it all have to be *quality*.

To get this, the photographer (besides his own technical skills) must have the complete confidence of the model. Photographers are known to feed their models before work — for the way to the heart is, for woman as well as man, through the stomach. Whatever the method, one cannot for a certainty get results from an unhappy model.

Joanne is a model's model: not timid or backward, not temperamental or snobbish; she poses willingly with grace, patience — and beauty.





Women wore far less apparel in the past;
will these dress styles return?

NUDITY and FASHIONS



HOW DO men feel about a naked woman? Embarrassed, horrified, non-chalant, aroused?

It depends on the circumstances, you say? Well, that's a fair answer.

Take public bathing. In certain Scandinavian countries and Russia, it's the social thing to do. But we know what would happen to us Americans if we tried to become *that* social in the U. S.

The great Pursuer, Casanova, was once deeply puzzled. He had gone to a Swiss bathhouse and was, according to custom, attended by a young lady. She undressed him; she undressed herself; they entered the bath together; she scrubbed him—it was all very serious, not a word was spoken. Here, before Casanova was this woman, about twenty, a beautiful face, lively eyes, healthy complexion, well-developed breasts—but he was completely unmoved.

Casanova should have known that nothing is so chaste as nudity itself.

One smart philosopher concluded that "the greatest provocations of lust are from our apparel."

The abundance of nudity seemed not to have unnerved the austere Spartans, among whom naked women were common. At solemn feasts and sacrifices, young ladies danced and sang naked before a circle of young men. For other affairs, the girls wore a very slight garment, an ordinary tunic which left bare the right shoulder and breast and reached only to the upper third of the thighs. Nothing else was worn.

It is established that the maidens of Chios used to wrestle naked with the youths in the gymnasiums, which according to one Athenaeus was pronounced to be "a beautiful sight." Lust seemed not to increase.

In Rome, in the beginning, much less freedom prevailed about nudity, until both sexes discovered the institution of bath. Each sex had its own huge tub and hot room, but these rooms were not far from the other. At first, the baths were so dark that the men and women could not see one

—turn the page





the fun in hollywood besides movies

A RHYTHM as old as the human race is the elemental thrusting, swinging motion of wild uninhibited hips. When the bumps and grinds issue from a smooth tanned finely proportioned body of 38-25-38, you have a dance floor attraction that should lift any red-blooded lad right to the edge of his seat.

The name in the instant case is 5 foot 2, 112-lbs. Pat Dorsey.

Her fabulously tapered legs and long reddish-brunette hair are occasionally seen in the nightclubs around Holly-





wood. But it's a matter of demand far exceeding the supply, because Pat dances only two nights a week.

Once of Baltimore, Maryland, she came to Hollywood through the familiar route of a beauty contest. Blue-eyed Pat prefers to be home, and why not, when she lives in San Fernando Valley, minutes from Los Angeles, where she can take languorous ease in the privacy of her backyard, beautifying her body with the rays of old Sol.

Pat's interest in dancing goes back to the time when she was twelve and kicked a lot of acrobatics. For the past five years, she's graduated herself to what is known as "exotic dancing." She's talented with her fingers too; she sews her own costumes, as well as originates her own designs.



She removed his tie and loosened his shirt—the girl belonged to his pal

NO GREATER FRIENDSHIP

by K. ROBERT HOWARD

"BARTENDER, another double martini." This was my third.

I'm sitting on a bar stool at the Thirty-Two Club on Sunset Blvd., not far from the big radio studio where I head the publicity department. I'd guess it's somewhere around 10 p.m., and though I haven't had any dinner, I don't care. Right now, I'm concentrating on martinis.

A slightly plump blond brushed my body as she slithered up into the stool next to mine. I could feel her warm presence, the heady odor that passed up from her fragrant breasts, their snowy whiteness pushing up over a tight bodice. At any other time, I would have answered the invitation of her glance.

But at the moment, I feel abso-

lutely lousy. I lost my best friend. My pal, Fenton Hall, is telling everybody that he's no friend of mine anymore. What's worse, everybody agrees with him. To the world I'm an all-American rat and should be strapped over the hood of a Volkswagen and ridden out of town over a bumpy road—which can be mighty uncomfortable for a 200 pound six-four long body like mine. What's *his* story? It's that I took away the girl he was going to marry, that I generally acted completely unbecoming a close and dear friend who was to be best man. The public facts seem to support Al's version, but the conclusion is wrong—all wrong.

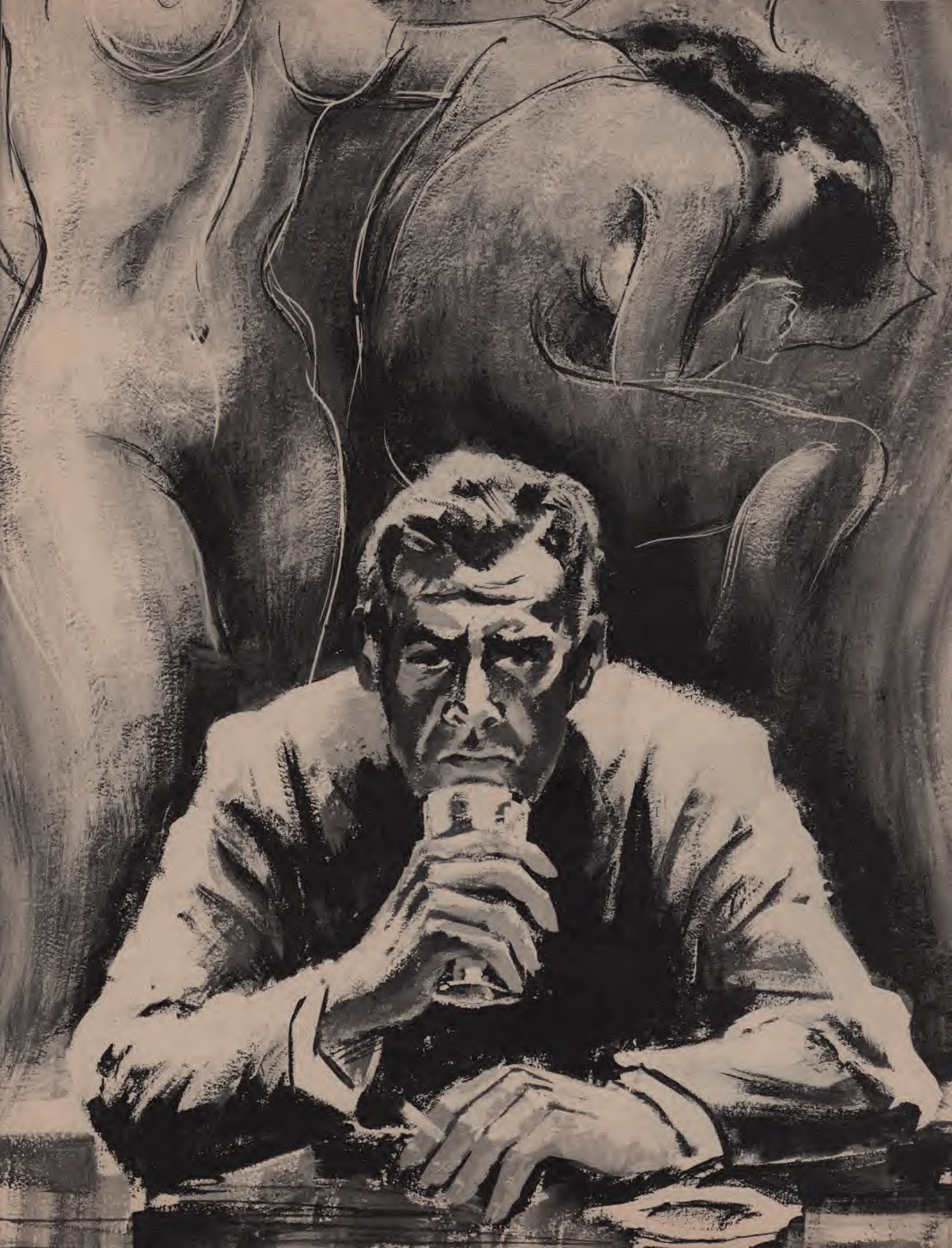
I've got a side, but no one'll believe me.

* * *

Last Friday, I looked up at the clock in the studio office over my typewriter and noted that the hour was still respectable, 3 p.m. I had finished most of my work; two more publicity releases on a new network show and captions to go with the voluptuous beach photo of the screen actress who was going to appear on the show. I was absorbed in the glossy photo of her lithe, supple tanned figure wearing a suit that looked like a bra and G-string; I wondered if the editor would publish any more than her head and shoulders.

Fenton Hall came into my office. "John, I have something to discuss

—turn the page



with you." He was in the script department, the office next door. His bristly hair, heavy glasses on the short five-four body always gave me a good feeling. We had been buddy-buddy since we met in our first week in college, a couple of bewildered lads who looked silly in some damned blue beany cap with a yellow tassel on top. I clasped my palms over my head, leaned back in my chair and waited.

"I'm going to get married," he said.

"Good boy," I said, and stuck out my hand.

"Aren't you going to ask me who?"

"I figured if I held my breath for a few seconds you would tell me."

"She's Dolores Vale — an actress."

"Vale? Vale? The name doesn't register."

"She's from New York; she's been in town only two months. She's sort of new to the stage."

"How long have you known her?"

"Two weeks."

"It's really love, eh?"

"Yes. Will you be best man?" Fenton asked this in that shy way of his as though he were requesting a special favor. For all the years I've known him, he had this hesitant quality. The women found this charming, specially when they learned that Fenton was one of the richest young men in the state of California. He was rich before he was swaddled in his first diapers.

His granddad owned choice lots of land in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, San Fernando Valley and the oil lands of Signal Hill. Orphaned at ten, Fenton carried a U. S. mint on his shoulders.

With the unavoidable loneliness that comes from being too awful rich (how many people know how to be sincere and at ease with someone who owns millions?), he grew up very cautious. Occasionally, however, as if to compensate for this wariness, he would overreach himself with impulsive extravagant gestures. He lived on what he earned at the studio, and regarded this part of his life as apprenticeship for stage and television writing.

"Why sure, Ace, I'll be your best man," I said.

"How wonderful, will you have dinner with me and Dolores at the Thirty-Two Club?" Fenton asked. "Ask Evelyn too."

Evelyn worked in the script department too. I had been going with her for about a year. She, Fenton, and I liked to do things together. She had cheeks redder than apples and hair the softest yellow imaginable. Evvie always looked fresh and full and ripe. Everything about her was svelte and melodious. Her intelligent head, poised on a slender supple neck, could press her lips with disarming frankness on

my own. It had been several weeks after I met her before she let me touch her. I remember her gasp when I slipped my fingers in her little white blouse with drawstrings; she drew up to me and I could feel the gentle pressure of her firm long thighs. She was as eager to learn about lovemaking as she was about writing good television. She had an even temper, good for me, and I think she influenced Fenton too.

I saw a lot of Evvie. I thought of her as my girl, but this has never stopped me from seeing other women.

"John, why don't you let me inspire you. Why can't you be more serious with Evelyn? What *more* do you want? She's perfect for you!"

"I don't know Fenton. I just can't say the words 'will you marry me?' I think too much of me and my own pleasures."

"The trouble with you is your style and good looks; you get women too easily. You don't appreciate them enough."

"I know, like you and your money. Except you're a lot more orderly about your money than I am about women."

"I'll see you at six tonight. Try to reach Evelyn. I want Dolores to meet her," Fenton said, as he went back to his office.

I typed a memo to the secretary to include the fancy torsoed actress in my Monday A.M. releases. I felt a little uneasy; I would not have liked this actress in the photograph to marry Fenton — my pal Fenton. Was Dolores like this? I could not help feeling concerned about him; it was always this way. I used to give him my lecture notes in college to help out in finals, and lend him my shirts and suits when we shared an apartment a couple of years ago and he lived as though he had only the meagre pittance of an apprentice publicity man to sustain him. So far as our friendship went, his wealth *never* existed; we just had the mutual regard and respect of two brothers.

I was an orphan too. I understood him.

The summer sun was still out — thanks to the grace of daylight saving time on the West Coast — when I walked over to the Thirty-Two Club and into the bar. The quick change from the light outside into the dim recesses of these boulevard drinking spots always gave me an impact of removal into another region of living, a second world where one surrendered himself to the demands of body more than — shall we say — soul. I saw Fenton standing with a martini in hand. Seated next to him was a tall



"I insist he turn and lift his coat — if he's got a tail, it's no date!"

stem of a girl with copper-red hair hung loosely around her shoulders, sensuously complementing the muted green color of her soft light woolen sweater under which, a taut gossamer material supported firm full round breasts. Her creamy white skirt molded itself to the lush undulations of her body; she had a well-shaped wide mouth, with full red lips she constantly moistened with nervous movements of her tongue. Even before we were introduced, I had a small thought that I had seen those lips before.

"Dolores, this is John Doby, our best man," Fenton said.

"Hello Dolores, you're beautiful," I said.

"Hello and thanks," she said with a shy smile. The sound of her greeting welled right up from her loins. She winked slowly; the curvy long lash sent a dart of heat through me. She was almost professional; after all, she was an actress, Fenton had told me.

"Evvie had to stay for a late rehearsal and couldn't come," I explained. "She says she's sorry, Dolores, but you two can probably meet tomorrow."

"I'm sure we can," Dolores said. Her words sounded so rehearsed, or more precisely, memorized.

"Our table's waiting, let's go," Fenton said.

Fenton led the way. He was at least a head shorter than Dolores. But my eyes were on her, and the contrast of their height didn't matter much to me.

I followed the two. Her tight skirt, moving with the motion of her lean muscled thighs, and that feline grace again struck a note of familiarity. Where had I seen her, or was I seeing a good imitation of a sexy actress whose name I could not recall?

Dolores sat between Fenton and me in a circular booth along the center of the Thirty-Two Club's wall which were dotted with framed photographs of Hollywood stars and their scrawly signatures.

"I want more scotch in those divinely huge glasses and a Chef's Salad," Dolores said.

When the waitress came, Fenton and I ordered steaks, rare, with a side of French fried onions.

"Oh, there's a photograph of that delicious Greg Hunter. What did he write on it?" Dolores asked.

"With all my love to all my fans," Fenton read.

"He tries too," Dolores laughed. "I was once in the same hotel, and I heard that he tried to prove his universal love with every female working for the hotel—including the maids."

"Do you know Hunter?" I asked, and mildly wondered if she and Hun-

—turn to page 39

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gown

Daughter of Eve



Parisian Night

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the nighttime ladies of paris





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Travelers from all over the world trek to the environs beneath the magnificent Eiffel Tower for the piquant overtones of sex in Paris nightlife.

One need not understand the musical syllables of the French language to enjoy the lovely costuming, or lack of it, in Paris floor shows. The uninhibited French have their own native-tailored view of modesty, something which most males in the world regard with unconcealed envy. Oh, lucky Pierre!

The French form divine is served up to the customers in many ways: *above*, acrobatic flips; *right*, reclined in a carriage; *far left*, preparing for a swim (or bath?); *left center*, nymphs of nature; *left*, Tahitian hula maidens. Stagehands (*upper left*) complain that the job is harder than it seems.



SUZETTE is what fifty thousand Frenchmen like to see. Which recalls a story about a Parisian mayor who visited New York city and was taken on a tour of the city. At the top of the Empire State Building, he took a look at the view and began to blow kisses ecstatically, and said: "Ah, it reminds me of a woman's curves."

"But how should a view of New York remind you?" asked a puzzled American host.

"M'sier," explained the French mayor, "*everything* reminds me of a woman's curves."





FAT MAN, *from page 6*

made bed, in the expensive and beautiful beach house in Malibu. Many a long afternoon he would lie on his bed, looking out to the sunset, which filled the room with a kind of golden glow; an unbelievable loneliness would overcome him . . . and shattering real agony. Even the lovely white, smooth skinned woman beside him would suddenly become a horror of tragic comedy. For this woman was not a woman, but something bought and paid for . . . something like the expensive liquors he bought for his guests. He could have any of this, but he knew in the inner reaches of his lonely heart . . . this was not love, but merely a commodity . . . the perfumed, lovely thighs, with the creamy, pink tipped breasts, and the mechanical manipulations, some of them very clever, and ingenious to enable him, the fat man, to reach the ecstasy of sexual response and releases.

These were his thoughts as he approached the shooting area. He was troubled because of the newest "star-to-become" in the film he was making. True enough she was picked out of hundreds of young beautiful women. There was a special quality of gentleness, a lightness, which seemed to surround her. Even when, in the office she undressed, it was unself-conscious, as though being undressed and revealing her startling warm curves, the undeniable fullness of her high, firm and quivering breasts, was the most natural thing in the world. It was as though she lived without clothes, grew up naked; and this was a thing of startling and profound beauty. And very commercial, very hot to capture on the screen. "T.R." had seen the rushes, the daily shooting bits, and his fondest dreams about capturing that elusive naked, heated quality.

What bothered him most however were the nights they spent at his Malibu beach house. It was unlike the other women, who were able to make him reach heights of physical releases, because they knew their jobs . . . as a job it was. But this sweet, young tasty dish began, so she said, to fall in love with him. At first he inwardly sighed to himself. "Ah well, she is in love with me. Me? What a laugh. Me, as though anyone woman in her right mind could love, actually love, this mountain of flesh."

"T.R." was a cultured man, had read the best and worst of literature, and many a studio would have given their right eye for his musical knowledge.

It was like a great force for him to try to capture the moods, the emotions

of other artists, to somehow feel as they had felt. In the creation of music, the agony of literary strivings, somehow he lost himself and the reality of his physical deformity, and could understand and be released from his body. He could soar, and reach the highest imaginations with his escape into music and readings.

He never expected any woman to profess love for him. *He just couldn't believe it.* For a while he lived in the illusion that she did love him. He tried to feel the feelings that such a situation would really mean. He could not because he *didn't believe her.* She protested that she did love him and wanted nothing more than the chance to share his life, whether it be in the studio, or in anything else he might do. She didn't care for gifts, for money, for furs, or cars, or the maids or any of the luxury his money could buy. As she told him, she wanted only him.

It was the spirit, his soul, and his body didn't make any difference. She was able to respond to him sexually and she grew heated and wild when he made love to her. Yet, as more of this took place, he began to grow uneasy, because he was not an easy man to fool. He had seen them all, the wise guys and the smart operators, and the pimps, and whores. The highest priced whores in the world live in Hollywood . . . and he could buy a dozen such women. And after he had the brief pleasure of possession, the sickening reaction would inevitably begin its tortured knocking at his mind and heart.

This was different. He wanted to believe her, he wanted with his tired soul, and his lonely heart to believe that she really loved him. He couldn't actually believe it. It was a kind of madness and he wanted more than anything in the world, more than his money, his power, his authority, to believe this petite, full chested young woman was his, and his completely, and without any doubts in his mind.

As it does to men whose visions are distorted, he came to a plot, something that would convince him once and for all time that she loved him or she didn't. That she was like all the rest; merely tolerated him for what he could do for them.

The leading man was an arrogant, handsome, full muscled son-of-a-mule-driver, whose exploits with women both off and on the screen were legend. Once he bragged to his hangers-on that he bedded down ten different high priced stars in one week at his Palm Springs home.

He laughed about it, because of the

neatness of his schedule and maneuverings.

And to this man, "T.R." came and asked him to "test" the truthfulness and loyalty of his young love. The plan would be for "T.R." to invite the male star and another woman together with his sweet, young dish to his Malibu beach home. Then the handsome leading man would attempt to make love to her. And "T.R." would be watching. If she succumbed to his charms, then it would be known that she was unfaithful and that her love was a phony protestation.

The Male star readily fell in with the plan, to his way of thinking there wasn't a girl over fourteen that he couldn't get into bed, and easily. Such was his arrogance!

And "T.R." was then certain if this Buckeroo didn't make it with her, then no one could and he would then feel sure in his mind and heart that she truly loved him. Such complete distortion of human beauty and value! For what else is there when they have all the money they want, beautiful homes, cars, servants, leisure and luxuries beyond belief. What else was there than the seduction of each other?

"T.R." was the perfect host. A candle light dinner, with imported champagne. Beautiful music in perfect selections. As though ordered from the studio props a perfect sunset, with the moon rippling across the ocean soon after the evening glow began.

After dinner, while they were sitting watching the ocean, the other woman suddenly put her hand to her face. "Oh, I completely forgot about my shooting script. I've got lines to learn!" She turned her hands helplessly upwards.

"T.R." jumped up. "I'll drive you. No trouble, you two just make yourself comfortable. I won't be long."

He drove her to a nearby motel, handed her some money, then said, "Thanks, you did fine. A studio car will pick you up in the morning. Good night."

Then he drove back to his beach house, but he didn't go right up to it. Instead, he parked the car a little distance away, then quietly made his way up the back stairs, and softly walked into the hallway. He felt a tension rising in him.

In the library, "T.R." made himself comfortable. He opened a small door so he could see into the living room. He breathed very quietly, sitting there in the dark.

She was dressed in a light blue, low cut summer dress. Her slim body, with her full luscious breasts shone as though polished to a high sheen. The

— see next page

champagne and other liqueurs were having their effect for she whirled around a few times, freely, and with lithe body gracefulness. She was actually very desirable, very exciting, and the Male star began to make his movement towards her.

They had kissed in the making of the movie, and they had never actually attempted to heat this professional relationship beyond what was required of their acting. But now he took her in his arms and kissed her, deeply and lingeringly. At first she pressed against him, responding, as any woman in this situation would have; it was actually hard to resist.

Back in the library, "T.R." stirred. His hands began to sweat. This was a terrible intrusion, but he simply *had to know*. He wanted to know, and he had to know, for this girl was setting a fire in his brain . . . and he wanted her, and he had possessed her body, but it wasn't enough. He wanted to possess her in that complete way in which love was the master. Love and only love . . . unbought, unforced, freely given and freely taken. This was the only thing that was beyond his power to buy or to control. The free, true love of another human being.

Suddenly he heard her shout to the Male, "Don't touch me anymore!" Then he saw her thrust him away.

The Male, taking this for some slight feminine resistance, went right back to her and grabbed her by the shoulders and brutally pushed her down on the couch. It was difficult to believe she was actually rejecting him. He thought she was playing with him . . . that she was one of those women who must be forcibly taken.

Again the shout came out, this time more angry, more determined. "Keep away! I don't want any part of this! I'm in love with another man!"

The Male laughed at her. "In love? With whom?"

She said nothing. Then a moment later, "It doesn't concern you. Now, let me up."

She softened. "How about another drink?" She knew she had to get control of the situation.

Back in the library, "T.R." felt his heart pounding against his chest. He began to tense up all over. Something was going to happen in that beach house this night that would mean life or death to him. His mind spun rapidly. She said she was in love with another man, she said she didn't want the handsome, irresistible Stud to touch her. Maybe . . . perhaps . . . ? It was too soon. And it was too much to believe.

He turned to look out upon the calm, singing ocean.

He began to form pictures in his head. Marriage, A family? It was too good, too sweet . . . Love, without buying it???

He heard a sharp ripping sound. Then a slap. He looked into the living room. The Stud had torn the sheer summer dress from the girl's shoulders. And she had slapped him right across the mouth.

"T.R." stood up, his face afire with anger. But he waited, he didn't want to show himself, to indicate that he knew what was going on, to jeopardize his dream, now that it was so close.

But the girl was nearly nude now, the slap had made the Male more angry. He rushed to her and ripped the rest of the sheer coverings from her body. He had pinned her hands behind her back, and was covering her face and neck with brutal kisses . . . The girl opened her mouth to scream, but she instead bit him deeply on the shoulder. Her breathing was heavy, and the quivering body thrust itself away, out of his grasp. "T.R." watched her run, her body to him seemed alive with some fire, some thrilling heated womanliness, her breasts bounced, her legs tight with fury. But the Male was quick, he grabbed her again. Through a rising haze of uncontrollable anger, "T.R." saw him pull her down on the floor behind the couch.

Somehow, "T.R." stumbled to his desk, and somehow he found himself standing over the Stud, and somehow the gun he was holding went off. The loud explosion rocked the room and echoed out over the ocean.

No jury in the world would convict him for protecting a girl's honor, a girl who was to be his wife.

In his blind, heated revenge, he was killing all the handsome, well built attractive young men, the men whose very existence made his own grotesque body more freakish. He was destroying the one man who almost destroyed him. He didn't yet see the blood oozing from the jagged hole in the body.

He couldn't see clearly yet, but the girl was dead.

The Stud had moved slightly when he heard the heavy footed step behind him. The bullet missed him and went clearly into the white breast of the girl, who in her agony had turned on her side. She was safe, now, from the brutal rape, safe from all harm . . . and her arm curled slightly in a last gesture of love.

The slight breeze from the ocean lifted the curtains in a swirling movement. The Male, fully sobered now, just sat on the floor, unmoving, as slowly "T.R." lifted the gun to his own temple.

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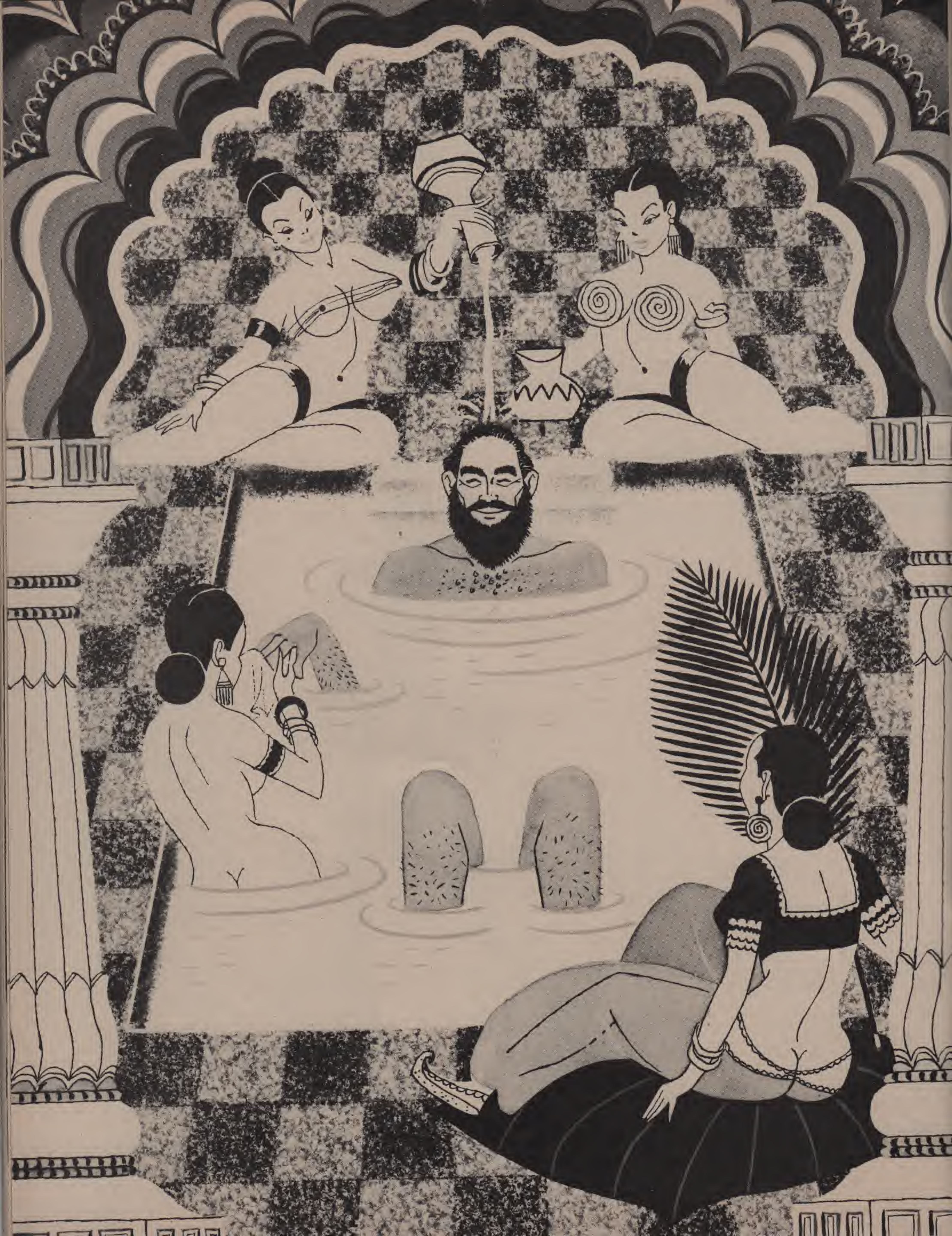
Helen, thy beauty is to me

Like those Nicæan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

Edgar Allen Poe, TO HELEN







He was once the uncleanest of them all, but he won a lady
(from *The Arabian Nights*)

the Humble Sweep and the Noble Lady

DURING THE season of the Meccan pilgrimage, in a crowded area about the Holy House, a man was praying in a loud voice, "I beseech thee, O Allah, make her angry at her husband so that I may lie with her!" A company of pilgrims, angered by his blasphemous remarks, dragged him to the Emir of the pilgrims and reported what he had been shouting. The Emir commanded that the poor fellow be hanged; but he cried, "O Emir, I plead with you, by the virtue of the Apostle, hear first my story and then do with me as you wish." The Emir relented.

"I'm but a humble sweep," the man said. "I work in a sheep slaughter-house where I carry away the blood and offal to the rubbish-heaps outside the city. This then is my story . . .

* * *

One day, I was following my loaded ass when I saw the people running away, and one said, "Quick, into the alleyway, or they'll kill you." I asked, "What's happening?" One of the passing eunuchs said to me, "There comes a Lady of one of the nobles, and her eunuchs will beat anyone who gets in her way." So I turned aside with the donkey and stood waiting until everyone cleared away. I saw a number of eunuchs with long poles in their hands, followed by about thirty women slaves, and among them was a lady who seemed like a willow-wand, perfect in beauty, grace and amorous languor. Everyone was attending upon her. Now, when she came to the mouth of the passage where I stood, she turned right and left, and, calling one of the eunuchs, whispered in his ear. I was surprised when he came and took hold of me, while another eunuch led my ass away. When the spectators fled, the first eunuch bound me with a rope and dragged me after him. I was frightened, and didn't know what to do. The people followed us and cried out, "This is not allowed by Allah! What has this poor scavenger done that he should be

tied up? Have pity on him; let him go, so Allah will have pity on you!" All the while, I was wondering, "They've probably taken me because their mistress smelled the stink of the offal and it annoyed her. Maybe she's with child or ailing; but I pray to Allah that nothing will happen to me!"

They stopped at the door of a great house, and took me inside into a big hall—I can't describe its magnificence—furnished with the finest furniture. Bound and held by the eunuch, I was scared, "They'll probably torture me here until I die, and no one will ever know what happened to me."

After a while, they carried me into a bathing room leading out of the hall, and as I sat there, behold, in came three slave girls who seated themselves round me and said, "Take off your rags." I hesitated but pulled off my threadbare clothes and one of them fell to rubbing my legs and feet, while another scrubbed my head and a third shampooed my body. When they finished washing me, they brought me a parcel of clothes and said, "Put these on." I answered, "By Allah, I don't know how!" So they came up to me and dressed me, laughing at me; after which they brought bottles full of rose water and sprinkled me. Then I went out with them into another salon. By Allah, I don't know how to praise its splendor for the wealth of paintings and furniture.

Entering it, I saw the grand lady seated on a couch of Indian rattan, and before her a number of damsels. When the noble woman saw me she rose and called me; so I went up to her and she seated me by her side. Then she bade her slave girls to bring food, and they brought all manner of rich meats, such as I never saw in all my life; I do not even know the names of the dishes, much less their nature. So I ate my fill and when the dishes had been taken away and we had washed our hands, she called for fruits which came without stay or delay and she ordered me to

eat. When we had ended eating she bade one of the waiting women to bring in the wines. So they set up flagons of many wines and perfumes in all the censers, while a damsel served us wine to the plaintive sound of harp strings. I drank and the lady drank, until the wine took hold of us. During all this, I wondered if I was dreaming.

Presently, she signalled one of the damsels to spread us a bed, which ebbing done, she rose and took me by the hand and led me to it. She stretched out and I lay down beside her.

I stayed with her until morning, and as often as I pressed her to my breast I smelled the delicious fragrance of musk and other perfumes that exhaled from her and could not think of anything other than that I was in Paradise or in the vain phantasies of a dream.

When it became day, she asked where I lived and I told her. She made a note of it, whereupon she gave me leave to depart, handing me a knotted, expensively embroidered kerchief containing something. She said, "Go to the bath with this." I rejoiced, thinking, "If there be but five coppers here, it will buy me a morning meal." Then I left her, as though I were leaving Paradise, and returned to my poor room where I opened the kerchief and found in it fifty pieces of gold.

I buried the gold in the ground and bought a loaf of bread. I sat outside by my door, until late afternoon, pondering my case, when lo! a slave girl came to me, saying, "My mistress calls for you." I followed her back to the house I had left in the early morning, and she escorted me into the lady, before whom I kissed the ground.

She commanded me to sit and called for meat and wine as on the previous day; after which I again lay with her all night. On the morrow, she gave me a second kerchief, with more money, and I took it. I buried these coins too. This pleasant situation continued for eight days running; I going to her at

—turn the page



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the hour of afternoon-prayer and leaving her at daybreak.

But on the eighth night, as I lay with her, behold, one of her slave girls came running in and said to me, "Arise, go into yonder closet." So I rose and went into the closet which was over the gate, and presently I heard a great clamor and tramp of horse; and looking out of the window in front of the house, I saw a young man as he were the rising moon on the night of fullness come riding up attended by a number of servants and soldiers. He alighted at the door and entering the salon found the lady seated on the couch. He kissed the ground before her, then came up and kissed her hands; but she would not speak to him. However, he continued patiently to humble himself, and soothe her and say nice things to her, until he made peace with her. And they lay together that night.

Next morning, the soldiers came for him, and he mounted and rode away. She released me from the closet and said, "Did you get a good look at that man?" I told her I did. She said, "He is my husband, and I will tell you what he did to me.

"We were together in the garden one day when he got up and was absent for a long while. I grew tired of waiting and said to myself, 'He's probably in the privy.' So I went to the water-closet, but I didn't find him. I went to the kitchen where I saw a slave girl and asked where he was. She showed him to me, laying with one of the cookmaids. I then swore to Allah that I would commit adultery with the foulest and filthiest man in Baghdad.

"The day my eunuch found you, I had been looking about the city for four days in search of one who should answer to this description. I found none fouler and filthier than your good person. So I took you and there passed between us that which Allah foreordained to us; and now I have fulfilled my oath."

Then, she added, "If, however, my husband returns to that cookmaid and lie with her, I will restore you to your lost place in my favors." These words pierced my heart, and my tears streamed forth. She gave me some more pieces of gold and told me to go.

So I left and came to this holy place that I might pray Allah (extolled and exalted be he!) to make her husband return to the cookmaid, that I might again be admitted to her favors.

* * *

When the poor sweep finished with his story, the Emir of the pilgrims declared, "Set him free. Allah be upon him, for indeed he is excusable."

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ANNIE

by JIMMIE VALENTINE

"What are you after?" she asked.

"Please baby, not you too. Not you. Promise me!"

"MY NAME ain't really Juanita," she said. "I changed it because it sounds so much better than Annie. I hate the name Annie. My father gave me that name. I hate my father, too." She stopped and looked at me. "It's funny, ain't it?"

"What's funny?" I said.

"Changing my name because I hate my father, because Annie was his favorite name." She gulped her drink, and I signalled to the waiter for a refill.

"I don't think it's funny. You're of age, you're free, and you can do as you like now. If you want to change your name, change it."

She smiled. "There you go again. Everything seems so simple when you say it. All the horrible things I've done seem all right with you. That's why I like you so much. I can talk to you."

I smiled back, leaned over and patted her hand. "I like you too, sweets. And I don't think you're terrible."

"But you don't know," her voice was low, a feeling-sorry-for herself tone. "I haven't told you everything. I'm really bad!"

"Bad?" I said. "What do you mean, bad? Sleeping with a guy don't make a girl bad. Why don't you stop thinking that?"

"Oh, for Christ sake!" she said, a little angrily. "I can't believe you mean what you say. How can you sit there

and be so damned calm about it? I'm not just talking about sleeping with a guy. It's more than that. I haven't told you about the other things—the stealing, the posing for pictures."

"You have pretty hair," I said.

"And my green eyes are real, too. You can't change the color of your eyes."

"They're pretty, too," I said.

"If I could only do it! At night I pray it might be possible. I'd change myself completely. Not only my name, but I'd change *everything*. Make myself completely over. I'd pick out my own parents and where I lived, and the schools I went to. I'd pick out some people for friends. I've never had any real friends—that is, till I met you."

"Thank you, sweets," I said.

"But some day you'll slip, too, and you'll be just like all the rest I've known. They're all after something. And you are, too. What is it?" The liquor was having its effect. She raised her voice. "What are you after?" She softened immediately. "Please, baby," she took my hand, "not you, too. Not you. Promise me!"

"You're getting all worked up over nothing. It's just like I told you. You like me, I like you. It's simple. That's all there is to it."

She pointed her finger at me. "There's something funny about you. It sounds

too good. I've heard all kinds of lines, but you got them all stopped. You *sound* honest, but there's a nigger in the woodpile."

"Don't say nigger. I told you it offends me."

"You see?" she said. "That's just what I mean. You're full of funny ideas like that." She mimicked me. "Don't say *nigger*—don't say *kike*, don't say *dago*, or *chink* or *harp*!"

"It's not nice to make fun of people."

"But everybody says things like that."

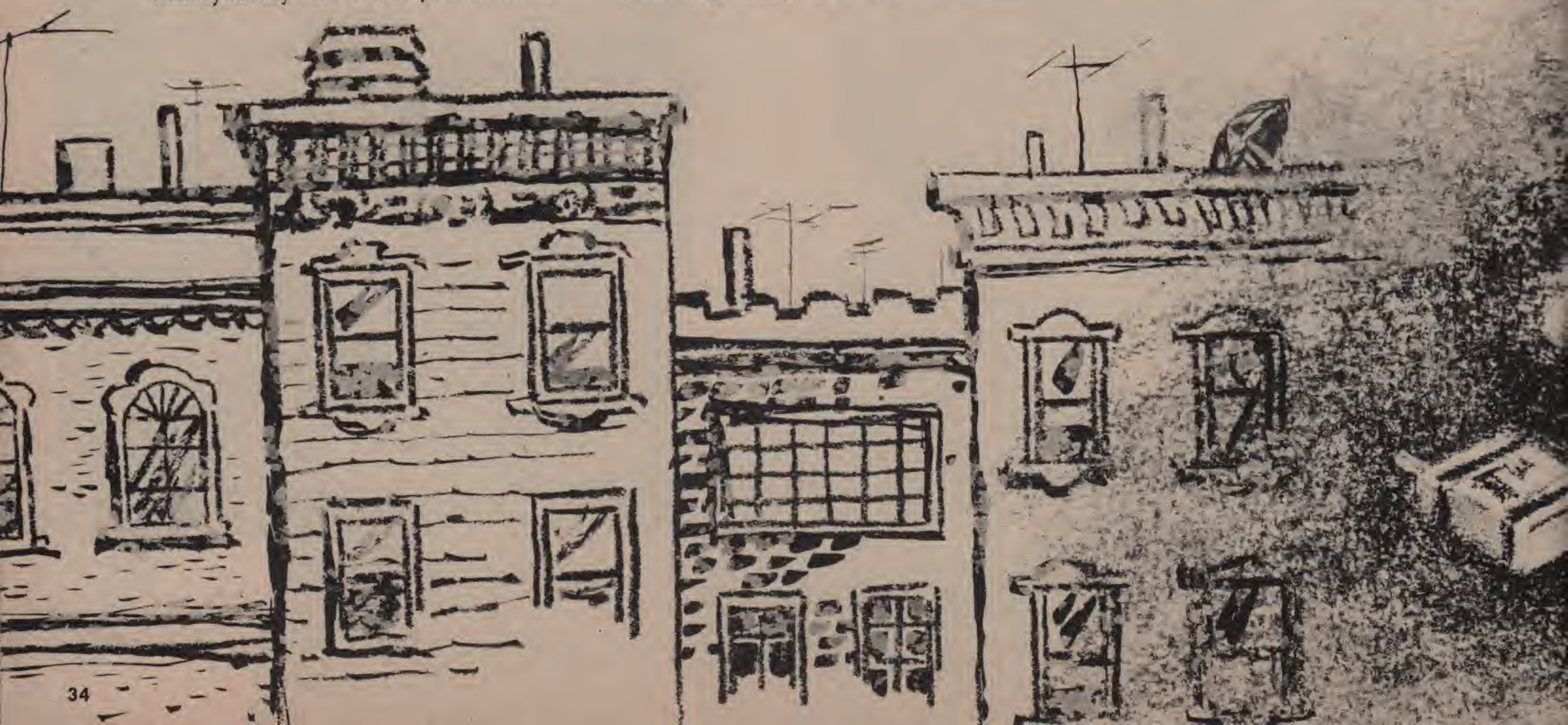
"I don't—and I wish you wouldn't," I said.

"You sound just like the convent. You sound like the Sisters. It all sounds so nice when they say it to you. But I found out about them. It's all different, and all you *good* people are—" She couldn't say what she wanted to say.

"You poor kid, you're really mixed up," I said.

She went on. "It's my father's fault. He made me go there—to the convent, I mean. I remember when I was little, five or six years old, and I used to play in the yard. My mother would come and chase the boys out every day around four o'clock, because my father was coming home from the office. Then he put me in the convent. He hated boys to even look at me. But I fooled him all right. He thought I'd grow up to be

—turn the page





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AND REVEALING POSES

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CURVACEOUS
MODEL

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a sweet, innocent little girl. The things you learn in a convent—"! She took a deep drink, then went on. "After I got out, I graduated at sixteen. My father died the same year. I sure hated him, the bastard!"

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

"No, I don't think you're crazy," I laughed.

"Do you think I'm bad?"

"No, I don't."

"But I've slept with a lot of guys."

"I've slept with a lot of girls."

"I've stolen money, too," she said.

"So what?"

"How about posing for those lewd pictures?"

"You have a nice body," I said.

"Yes, I know. Straight legs, curving hips and twenty-four carat knockers." I added, "With red hair, green eyes, and luscious skin."

Suddenly she said, "When are you going to ask me?"

"Ask you what?"

"To sleep with me. You want to, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, but I'm not going to ask you—yet."

"Would it make any difference if I told you I wanted you to ask me?"

"I know you want me to ask you. You think that's the 'slip' I'll make. You think all men want is to sleep with you, and that makes it *dirty*, and that makes you *bad*. No, baby, you're not going to get me to fall into that pattern. You've got to really like me first." I was getting a little steamed up, myself.

"But I do like you. I like you very much," she said.

"You don't trust me, though. You don't trust anyone. Just because I won't act like those heels you've been going out with."

"You *sound* honest, but I don't believe it!" she said.

"There's your answer," I said. "You hated your father. So to get back at him, you do all the things he thought were bad. You even go so far as to pose for lewd pictures. Your father had a dirty, nasty mind and he forced you to think the same way. You want to be bad! That's your revenge on your father, and—incidentally, all men. The minute you get them to sleep with you, you've had your triumph, because it all fits into that ridiculous fantasy you've been living with all these years." I stopped for breath, then with sharper emphasis, said, "When are you going to learn there are some decent, honest people in the world?"

"Please don't yell at me!"

"Who's yelling?" I said, raising my voice.

Suddenly she said, "Take me home."

At her door she softened. "I'll call

you tomorrow." She kissed me lightly on the mouth.

The next day, Sunday, was a hot, bright day. Around eleven the phone rang. "It's me, Juanita. Can I come over?"

"I was going on the roof to take a sun bath," I said.

"I love the sun. Can I come, too?"

"Sure, come on," I said.

Fifteen minutes later she knocked on the apartment door. She was dressed in tight slacks and a red sweater. Her hair was bound in a bright scarf. She looked fresh, wholesome. She took her clothes off and showed me a brief sunsuit. Sort of a diapered affair with the bra tied together with a knot in front. From the handbag she carried she took out some sun-bathing oil.

"You're nice and tan," I said.

"I like the sun and I bathe every chance I get. See how dark I am." She pulled the bra down, almost exposing her full breast. There was a line of white skin against the dark tan.

"Let's go up on the roof," I said.

On the roof she handed me the skin oil. "Here, rub this on my back."

I rubbed her back, then her arms, then her legs. She was lying on the weatherbeaten couch. The roof was above all the other buildings in the neighborhood. We were alone.

"Can you lock the door to the roof?" she asked.

"Why?"

"Lock it," she said.

I walked over to the door and pushed the bolt shut. I came back to the couch.

"Put some more lotion on me here—on the front," she said.

I began rubbing the sweet-smelling lotion on her neck and arms. She reached up and pulled the knot in her bra.

"Rub me all over," she said.

I looked at her for a moment, then began rubbing the oil on her breasts. Her breasts were full, firm. I liked rubbing them. She did, too. Her nipples grew tense under my palms. I rubbed harder.

"Darling," she said suddenly. "Now! Now is the time—here, now, I want you!" She pulled me down on her, breathed in my ear. . . . "In the sun, under the sky, in the fresh air—now, now!" Her voice pleaded.

"Let's go down to the apartment."

She shrieked. "No, no! I don't want any apartment. I don't want any beds! Here . . . in the hot sun! Right now!"

"But, baby—"

"Now!" she said, and reached down and untied her panties. She tugged at my trunks.

The sun was hot. An odor of eucalyptus wafted in the cool breeze.

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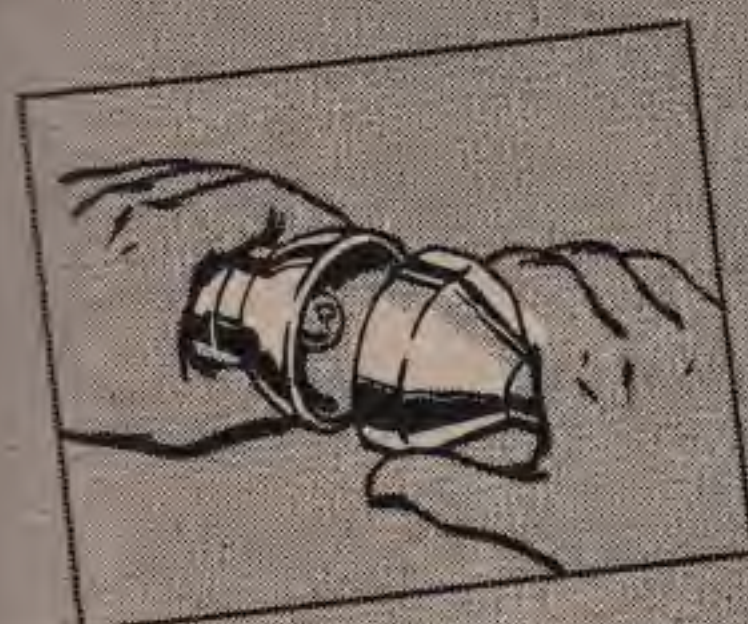
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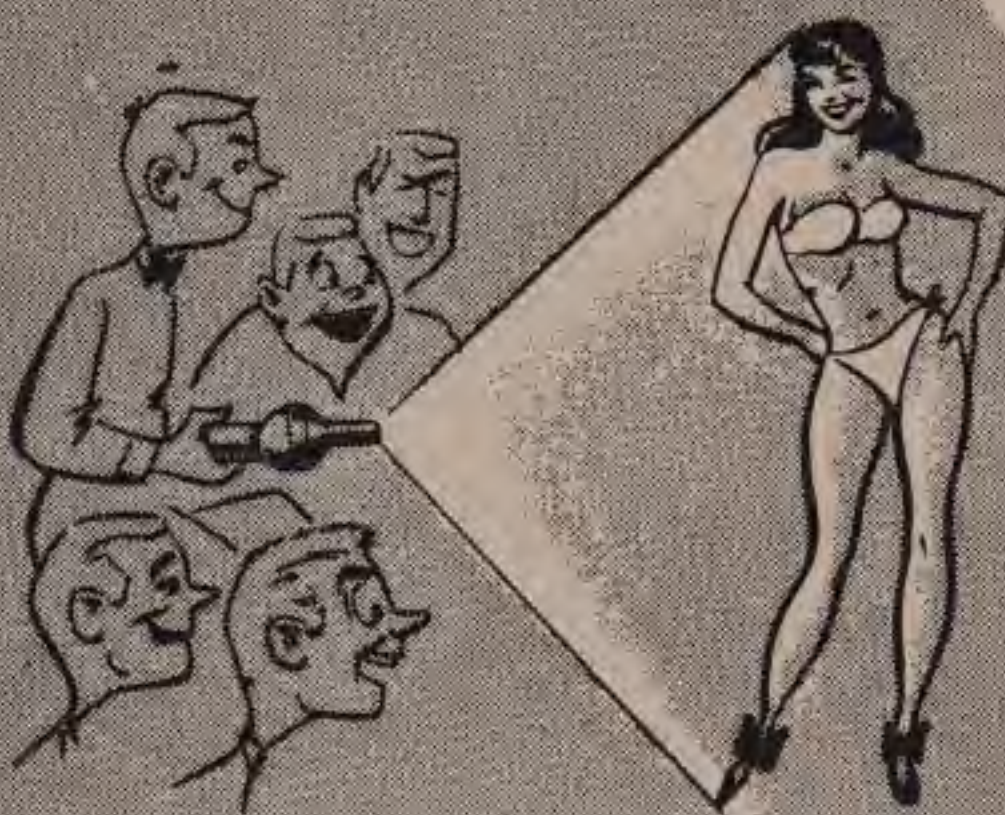
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NUDITY, from page 11

another, but they could recognize each other by voice. The narrow ventholes hardly admitted enough light to outrage anyone's modesty.

With the Romans, ablutions became a secondary purpose and the authorities felt compelled to prohibit the mingling. One Heliogabalus, however, rescinded the edict and let the sexes meet in the baths.

Self-consciousness asserted itself among the Romans. Actors had to wear drawers while they were performing on the stage — to safeguard the modesty of Roman matrons. Truly respectable Rome ladies always wore an undergarment of some sort, even sometimes while bathing. It was called a *subligaculum*, a term also applied to a leathern girdle laced from behind and worn as a device to rest the minds of husbands who might be away to the wars.

Greek ladies, too, used to wear a thin cloth around the loins reaching down to the middle of the thigh, when taking a bath. So did the men. Young men in a later period wore drawers or an apron when they stripped for exercise.

Women showed more modesty in the early Christian period; they drew their garments closely about them, even when they were about to be brutally killed. An epidemic of suicide among the young women of Miletus was halted by a decree that in the future women who hanged themselves would be carried naked through the market place. They had no dread of the most terrible things in the world, but these women could not abide the imagination of naked shame, even after death.

Other women, however, longed to show their naked beauty, "being conscious that they shall please more by the rosy redness of their skin than by the golden splendor of their robes," so wrote one Apuleius in the second century.

Empress Theodora in the sixth century often appeared almost naked before the public in the theatre. If she followed her real desires, she would have appeared altogether nude. The general rule then, however, was "No woman is allowed to expose herself altogether, unless she wears at least short drawers over the lower part of the abdomen."

Up to the sixteenth century, in Germany, a daily rule was the sight of complete nakedness. Everyone undressed completely before going to bed, and in the steam baths, no one wore anything. The dances of peasants and townspeople were characterized by high leaps into air. It was the chief delight of the male dancer to

raise his partner as high in the air so that her dress flew up.

It should be remembered that throughout the middle ages, women had no such frills as underclothes. When the Italian women started wearing drawers in the seventeenth century, the habit was viewed as a practice for just a few.

A Polish officer by the name of Passek wrote in a letter to homefolks from his station in Denmark, 1658: "everyone sleeps naked as at birth and none consider it shameful to dress or undress before others. No notice, even, is taken of the guest, and in the light one garment is taken off after another, even the chemise is hung on the hook. Then the door is bolted, the light blown out and one goes to bed."

He goes on, "... as we blamed their ways, saying that among us a woman would not act so, even in the presence of her husband alone, they replied that they knew nothing of such shame, and that there was no need to be ashamed of limbs which God had created. Also, why take fleas and other insects to bed with one?"

About the same period, Irish maidens have been observed to be stark naked while preparing cakes outdoors. In the more remote parts of Ireland, men as well as women, went naked in winter, only having their private parts covered with a rag of linen and their bodies with a loose mantle.

An English travel account published in 1617 told about the embarrassment of a Bohemian baron visiting Northern Ireland. The baron went to the house of one Lord Ocanne and was met at the door by sixteen women, all naked except for a very loose mantle. They led him into the house and all sat down by the fire with crossed legs ("as could not but offend chaste eyes" said the account). Then the lord himself came in, naked too except for a loose mantle and shoes. He removed his shoes and asked his visitor to remove his apparel ("which he thought to be a burden") and sit naked by the fire. The baron did not, said the account.

In Italy, principally in the towns of Venice and Padua the women walked about with naked breasts, and the backs were also naked almost to the middle. The beginning of *decollete* garments began only in the fourteenth century; up to then, the women of Europe generally covered themselves up to the neck.

In the early eighteenth century, an English woman traveler observed the Turkish ladies at the baths in Sophia: "The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any

—turn to page 50

FRIENDSHIP, *from page 19*

ter met in the course of his pursuit through the halls and the elevator shafts of that hotel.

"Just socially," she said. Again that manner of speech, as though she were putting her whole lovely body into it. She could have spoken Hindustani, and I would have understood. Her mind revolved around so few topics; she must have decided when she discovered boys in grade school that she need concentrate on little else.

As she began to discuss Hunter and the theater crowd, I suddenly remembered where I had seen her. Last year, I had taken a short trip to New York for a show that was being transferred from New York to Hollywood. On the evening before my flight back, my friends promised me some real Eastern female fun and took me to a big party in the studio of a nationally prominent artist. It was a huge apartment, mostly glass, and overlooked the Hudson River. The loud pounding drums of African dance music, the drunken laughter, and not infrequent tinkling of glasses being filled or broken — all set a loose wild mood, and I quickly got drunk. Dolores was there, in a form-fitting white cotton dress pleasantly punctuated by the taut mounds of her breasts. I even had a dance with her; no one introduced us, nor did

anyone care really who was who. We were all bodies in limbo, attempting to gyrate within the 25 x 40 feet dimensions of this cavernous high ceiling studio, not caring about identity. I danced with her, both arms of mine around her back, and hers around mine; a detached observer would not have called this dancing; we stepped about in tight embrace, feeling the heat of our bodies. It was a very short dance — a half minute or so; she was quickly taken away by someone else. I noticed her later, sitting on the floor, stroking the head of a bearded character rested across her thighs. Her skirt was flung up above her knees. She had a dreamy trance on her face; the bearded fellow was caressing her breasts with his finger tips. "The guy is a wealthy jeweler, dabbling in the arts," someone told me, "and she's one who likes men with lots of money. She's a hot bundle, but she uses money — when she can get it — like her body, with abandon."

In an impromptu show at this party a young man in tight striped pants took a seat in the middle of the dance floor with a bongo drum, and a small strongly muscled dark lady in stocking feet stood apart from him. Everyone made room on the floor around them. The young man began to beat the



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drums with rhythms I had never heard before. First slowly, the small lady began to swing her loins around and around, while she remained in a crouched position. She began to pick up the tempo by throwing her hands up and down along her side. Then with a scream, she and the drum suddenly went into a frenzied unfettered beat; she, drum beats and the drummer were one. In the thrusting movements of her hips, her loose dress flipped to naked thighs above her stockinged legs. As she whirled her body in these incredibly erotic gestures, I glanced over to Dolores and the bearded fellow. They were too preoccupied to notice the dancers; the drums and the evening's mood of licentiousness made them oblivious to all except themselves. All this became unimportant as I faded in the evening from the much too heady mixture of gin, wine, scotch and whatnot . . .

I was lost in that reverie. "Well, John, will you?" Fenton was talking to me.

"I'm sorry Fenton, I wasn't listening."

"I said I have to leave town later to catch a plane for San Francisco, and I won't be back until Sunday evening. Will you and Evelyn look after Dolores?" Fenton asked, in his hesitant way.

Dolores put in. "You can show me this town; I really know very little about it." Now that I knew where I had seen her, I had an uncomfortable feeling: was she good enough for Fenton?

"Your trip came up in a hurry, didn't it?" I said.

"I can't help it. I got the call at the office. I have to check on something for Grandpa," Fenton said. His grandfather had been dead for thirty years, yet he always referred to any business connected with that vast real estate and oil holdings as "Grandpa's."

"I'll drive you out to the airport," I offered.

"That's great, John. The plane leaves at 11, but I should be there by 10:30 to pick up my tickets."

"Good, we don't have to hurry with dinner and we still have time to pick your bag up at the apartment. I'll show Dolores a place or two after we see you off," I said.

"You're a gentleman of distinction," Fenton said.

Dolores looked at me. I noticed her eyes were blue-green, and though she was Fenton's girl I couldn't help but feel the warmth of her thighs next to mine. Several times, before we finished dinner, she pressed her knee against mine.

I watched her wave goodbye to Fen-

ton from behind the fence at the airport. The men were all watching her; the wind from the propellers flattened her sweater and skirt against body, outlining almost every detail of her contour. I wondered if Fenton saw more in Dolores than sheer sex. He had had other physically gifted women who had been more than willing to consider his bank account as more than adequate compensation for marriage. And Dolores? Had she changed?

Or was she like the rest. What did she see in Fenton? His thick glasses and short brushed hair, and his size. Nah! It was his dough. Plenty of dough.

After the plane took off, she pushed her palms down on the upper part of her legs to smooth out a clinging skirt. Standing there, lean and supple, with her loose strands of hair and firm breasts punched out against the fleecy smoothness of her soft sweater, she spun the imagination of the men who glanced her way.

She took my hand as we walked out to my Lincoln convertible in the airport's parking lot.

"It's a warm night, let's go driving with the top down," she suggested.

"We'll go out to the beach," I said. I took the freeway off of Sepulveda and headed for Santa Monica. We roared along at about sixty; the traffic was light.

"Oh John, this is divine!" Dolores shouted, her hair flying in the wind.

We reached the Coast Highway and passed under the pedestrian bridge connecting the Santa Monica Park with the beach. Soon I saw a spot where a number of cars were parked, headed to the sea. It was quiet and dark. I turned left and the car bumped along the uneven roll of the beach; then I turned right again where I saw an opening and stopped the car. In reaching over to soften the radio music, my hand brushed the swell of her breasts. I heard her draw a sharp breath.

We both lit cigarettes.

"Fenton has told me about your friendship; he says it means a great deal to him," she said. Her speech had the stilted quality of rehearsed words. Maybe I felt this because I disliked her.

She went on. "I'm terribly glad I met you John. I had no idea what a magnificent body you had. I feel good just sitting next to you." Again, that sensuous tone. She looked at me full face. She was taking in the picture of me: close cropped crew cut, dark eyes, dark brows, a rugged chin with a cleft. She smiled and moved closer so that our legs were touching. She took one of my ears in her hand and rubbed it with her fingers.

— see next page

"Dolores, I'm curious as hell about you. Why do you love Al?"

"He's cute," she said. For all of Fenton's qualities, this is the *best* she can say? Her hand was now on my knees, stroking it to the beat of the music on the radio, which she hummed sort of tonelessly. I was sure now; she was the same heat-box I encountered in New York. I decided to make doubly sure.

I put one palm on the back of her neck and with the other hand held her wrist. "Dolores, look at me," I said.

She stared; her eyes held a plea. With a quick gasp, she fell on me, kissing me full, sucking my lips and probing the inside of my mouth with her tongue.

"Oh, John, John," she cried. She was clutching my thigh hard. There was some inner struggle going on.

I pushed her away. I needed a moment's control.

"Easy, Dolores," I said, and held her by the shoulders. "This is going too fast, even for me." Her palms were fastened to my knees.

"I can't help it, John," she said. "I want to touch you, hold you; I can't help it." These words weren't rehearsed, I was sure.

"Are you like this with Fenton?"

"In a different way. I just met you, I haven't time to know you. All I know is what I feel, and I can't help it," she said.

"Do you get this way with other men?"

"You shouldn't ask me that," she said.

"You're going to marry Fenton. We can't start a thing like this."

"Oh John. Please, let's not talk about Fenton. Hold me, kiss me," she said. She seized my hand and put it to her breasts.

"Wait, we'll go somewhere else."

I started the motor, backed up and got on the Highway again, headed for Malibu. She started to sob, her head laying against my shoulder. Her whole body quivered. I was astonished by the torrent of feeling that was unleashed in her; it blotted everything out. I thought of Fenton, riding on the plane, contented with the thought that his best friend was taking care of his best girl. I had made up my mind, Dolores must not marry Fenton; she would break his heart. I was still protecting him.

I pulled up to Craig Lory's Malibu cottage, just off the highway. I got out, walked around on the outside to the light meter box where I knew he kept his keys.

"This place belongs to a friend of mine; he's away to New York," I told Dolores.

—turn to page 47



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THE TELEPHONE jangled. In her sleep, Elza stirred, turned, pulled the covers over her head. The ringing insisted, stabbing into the dark room. Half awake, her hand reached out, fumbled, then bumped against a glass filled with water and small flowers, and the resulting crash frightened her to wakefulness.

The phone stood on a small table, slightly distant from the bed, and she had to reach way out, pushing the warm covers away from her. A glance at the clock, radium-dialed, told her it was one-twenty.

"Hello."

There was a short pause on the other end. She said again, clearly, "Hello."

A voice, deep and intense said, "It's me, Meade."

"Look here, Meade, if you think —"

"Shut up you!" he sharply cut her off. "I'm off duty for a couple of hours. I'm coming over."

She was helpless, angry. "Go home to your drunken wife, maybe she'll..."

He banged the phone. It clicked hard against her ear.

She pulled the chain to the lamp, blinked against the bright light, put the phone back and got out of bed. The cold night air curled her naked body. She rubbed her upper arms vigorously, then slipped into her robe. She got a rag from the kitchen and began wiping up the spilled water around the base of the table.

She gathered the scattered flowers, smelled the still clinging fragrance, then threw them into the waste basket beside the table. She walked into the bathroom and began rinsing her mouth. The minted mouth wash was refreshing and her spirits began to rise.

"I need a drink," she said, half aloud.

She went to the kitchen cupboard, reached for a half-filled bottle, poured a stiff shot, downed it with a water chaser. Then she walked back to the bed and began smoothing it out.

She thought, one lousy mistake and you're caught! One step out of line, and a no-good copper sits on your neck and you can't get him off. It's no use, no use at all! You play it straight and you do housework till your back caves in. You take some stinking cast-off clothes, you get caught! Then your body buys them off...

In the police car Meade had said to her, "I get the dame to drop the charge, see, and that makes us friends, don't it?"

"Yeah, what else?"

"Well, you know how friends are, I drop over for a drink once in a while."

"What else?" Knowing all the time.

"Look! Don't make it tough for yourself. It's petty larceny. That's six months to a year. You're a nice-look-

—turn the page

Elza made one lousy mistake, and she was caught forever, helpless before the power of the man she hated

by JAY JOHNSON

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with
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ing dame for a Dago."

That was more than a year ago. She should have gone to jail—at least she would be done with it, once she served her time. Now she'd never get out.

Meade stepped out of his car and walked to the grey building. He pushed the button under her name and waited.

No response.

He pushed it again, longer.

Still nothing.

He leaned against the button, cursing to himself. He didn't let up. The door clicked open behind him. He smoothed his uniform, hoisted his heavy belt. Then up two flights and down the long corridor to her apartment.

He knocked twice. Elza opened the door. He walked past her into the living room. "What the hell do you mean—keeping me waiting?"

"I was in the bathroom."

"Get me a drink!" he ordered.

"Get it yourself. I'm not your slave!"

Meade's body stiffened. "Still punching! Why don't you get wise? It's easier all round. You can't win and you know it."

"Maybe not, but I'd still like to keep trying." She walked toward the bathroom.

He grabbed her. "Where you going?"

"In the can. Do you mind?" She shut the door and locked it.

Meade poured himself a double shot. Before corking the bottle he lifted it to his lips and the liquor poured down his throat. He carried the glass back to the living room, sat down on a chair and turned the radio on loud.

Elza came out. "Turn that down," she said. "I got neighbors!"

"To hell with 'em!"

"Turn it down!"

"What'll you do? Call the cops?" Meade laughed, reached over and turned the volume down. He gulped the drink, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "C'mere!" he commanded.

Elza didn't move.

He went after her. She eluded him neatly. He clenched his fist, angry now.

"C'mere, Dago! Don't play around."

"Don't call me Dago, I told you. I don't like it!"

"Who the hell are you to tell me anything? You're a cheap, thieving Dago—a goddamed Dago—and you better take off that robe before I tear it off you!"

"Yeah? My hero!"

"Yeah! Hop to it. I'm tired of waiting."

"What-sa matter with your pink wife? She holding out, or tossing her cold ass up to a half dozen other guys? Or maybe she's too drunk. Eh? Speak up, lover."

—turn the page

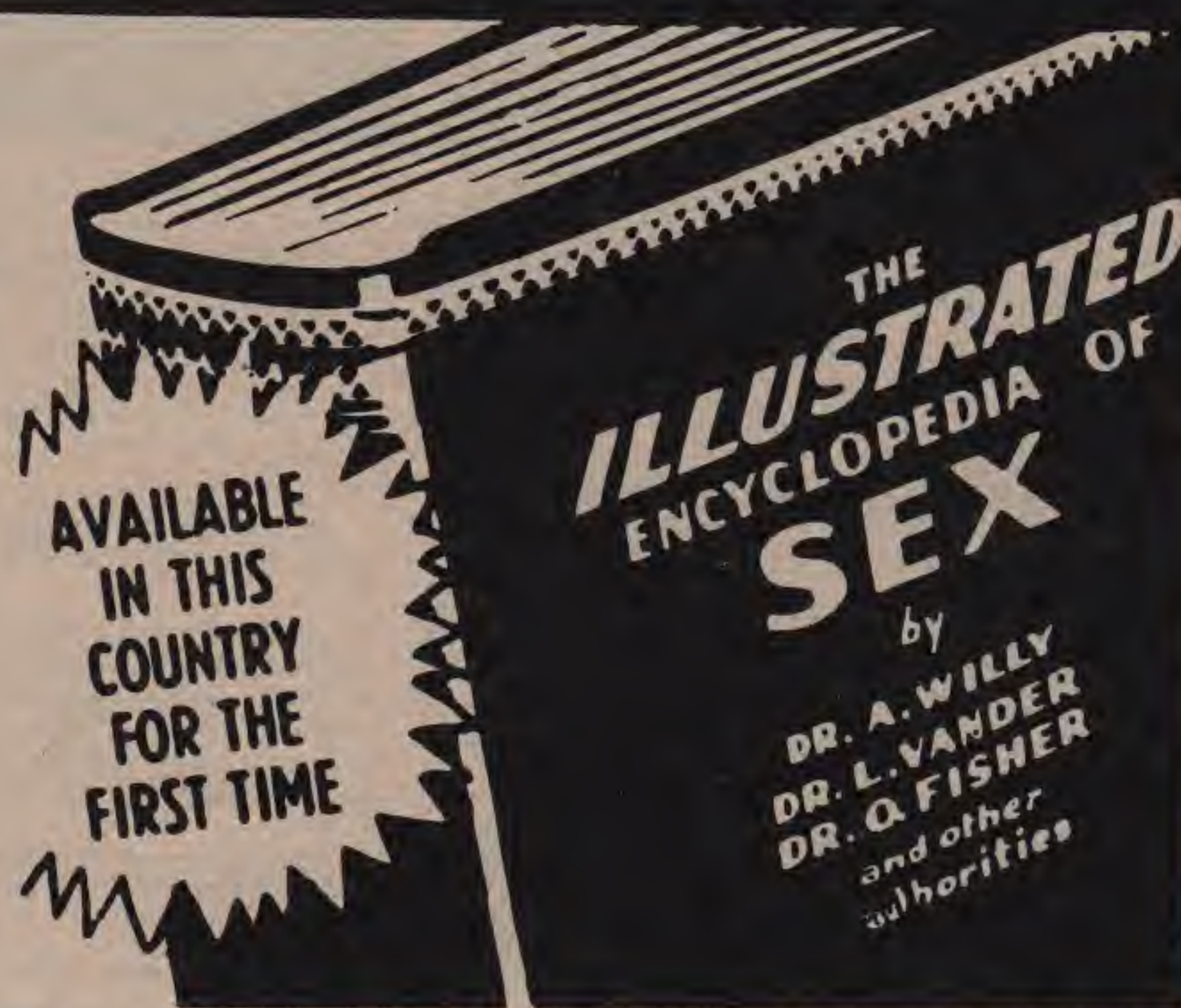
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"Elza, I'm warning you for your own good. Shut up, damn you, shut up! Don't ever mention my wife again. I'll knock your teeth down your throat!"

"I'm not scared of you, Meade. I know you can knock my teeth down my throat, and I'm not scared because I don't care! You can shoot me, or strangle me, or run me down with your police car, and I'm not scared, and you won't do none of those things because I got something you want, and want bad, eh?"

She stepped away from her fallen robe.

"Lookahere, Meade!" She lifted her breasts in her hands. "This is mine and it ain't for you." Then she said, "Watch this, Meade . . ." Her long, slim legs danced a dance, she swayed, brushed the air with turns. She had him and she knew it. It was her power and triumph.

"Elza, don't do that! C'mere to me."

She sneered. "You'll beg, allright. You'll crawl. Maybe you'll even hit me and I'll bleed, and I'll hurt, but you'll never get what you want — because I'll only let you — but never give it to you."

"Then let me."

"You'll have to come and get it. I'm not coming to you."

He reached her and slapped her across the mouth. "You asked for it."

He carried her to the bed, opened her without gentleness.

"I'll fix you, bitch!"

He was breathing harder, exerting himself beyond muscle, beyond bodies, beyond love even . . .

He stopped.

"Whatsa matter, Meade, Cancha make it?"

"I'll make it." He pulled her closer.

"NO . . .!"

"Goddam you! Give a little."

"No, Meade, No! I won't give you nothin'."

He worked again. In spite of herself, her arms began to reach around and pull him. "Meade, Meade, you nogood-sonofabastard." She bit him deeply on the shoulder.

Later, Meade slept, heavily, snoring.

Beside him Elza felt cold, not of her flesh alone, but deep inside her she felt cold. Here was Meade beside her, she didn't want that. Her mind kept saying, No, no, no! like a broken record.

She got up, walked to where his uniform and holster lay. She pulled the gun out and walked back to the bed. She aimed at his heart and pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened. The safety catch was on.

She sat down on the bed, and let the gun slip out of her hand.

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FRIENDSHIP, from page 41

Dolores took my hand I led her inside. I put on the light. It had a single huge room; in the corner facing the sea was a bed, covered in the day to serve as a couch. Canvases were leaning on the wall all over in various stages of completion.

"Craig paints four or five different canvases at a time," I explained. She didn't say anything; she walked over to the bed, sat tensely on its edge, and softly bit her lips as she did when I met her. "Craig usually has a bottle around." I found a nearly full bottle of Seagram's V.O.

As I opened it, I asked, "Will you clean two glasses." She walked over to the sink, staring at me. I went to the large window at the back where I could see the wide infinite expanse of the ocean. The sound of the waves rolling on the surf outside was soothing.

"Go ahead and pour," she said, holding out the glasses. I did, generously.

"Ice and water?" I asked. She shook her head. I filled mine with water. She drank hers neat and held the glass out again.

"You do things with a rush, don't you," I smiled.

She walked over to the couch with a languid grace. The whiskey seemed to have eased the tension within her. I noticed a faint flush in her cheeks. This reminded me of Evvie with her incomparable healthy glow. Evvie, she must be fast asleep now with not a worry in the world. Evvie with all the shining attributes for a good wife. For me, she was altogether too good, too wonderful.

Dolores turned on the bed lamp. "John, please turn out the room light and sit down beside me," she said. She finished her second drink. I watched the rhythmic rise and fall of her bosom, and her slightly open mouth. "John, let me take off your tie."

She removed the tie and then loosened the top button of my shirt. One by one, she began unbuttoning down my shirt front until she reached the belt line. She placed her moist palms inside my shirt and rubbed my naked back. She lay her head on my lap.

I lifted her head, and pushed her back on the bed, and kissed her open mouth. Our tongues caressed each other, while my hand stroked the length of her body, her ears, her breasts, her hips and thighs. She moaned as her legs moved in anguish over the side of the bed. Her hands were still inside my shirt, gripping my back. I took hold of her sweater and dragged her up, half-sitting, as I pulled it over my head.

She clasped her hands around my

—turn the page

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neck, whispering, "Oh John, darling, darling, darling." I removed my shirt. I put my hands to her back and unclasped her brassiere, and lifted it from her shoulders. Then we clung together, our hands moving, our lips joined. As the passion welled within her, she cried in a gasping voice, "darling, darling, darling." * * * *

"It was so good. I'll never forget this," Dolores said. Her eyes were moist, and her flesh still tingled, as we lay on our backs.

I gazed up into the dark skies through the window and listened to the crashing waves.

"John, what are you thinking?" she asked.

"About us," I said.

"It had to be this. It's what I felt from the first time I saw you. I wanted to have you joined to me, your face, your hands, your body."

"Without even knowing me?"

"Yes, don't you feel that about some women?" I left that unanswered.

"What about Fenton?"

"He's a very nice guy, but he satisfies another part of me. He's settled and secure. I need that feeling too," she said.

"You can't have us both," I said.

"I need you more, John. Maybe you can give me what Fenton represents too," she said.

With her fingers she started to trace the lines of my chest, the curve in my arms. Her face was silhouetted against the window as she leaned towards me, the silky hair hung wildly around her shoulders, and the strands framed the cones of her breasts. Her wet lips and the musty sweet odor of her limbs set a spark within my loins.

We stayed the night, returning to each other again and again. I had never felt so strong and sure; it was like that day when I set a school record in the mile; everything—my thoughts, my body—harmonized to the supreme moment; no one could have beaten me that day. Dolores told me the next morning that never had she known a man so sustained in vigor, so abandoned and yet so practiced in movements as I. She would remember me forever, she promised, and keep my image whenever she was in bed.

There was never any doubt in my heart that I was a temporary flame burning her body with a devouring tongue. I was sure that many before me have heard the same extravagant praise and promise. I knew that I wanted Evvie, her deep security, her gentle understanding which might never beat at fever-white heat but would be enduring, satisfying and mellowing as the years go by. With Evvie, I would have no bitter memory of

Dolores. Would Fenton?

We had breakfast although it was around four, Sunday afternoon in a Santa Monica drive-in on Wilshire Blvd. We had been together since Friday night. Her face was eager despite a slight swollen look and a slight crack in her lips where I had bitten too hard.

She had plans. "I'll tell Fenton everything that happened," she said. "I'm going to be honest with him."

"What about us?" I asked.

"You and I are going to get married," she said. "We are, aren't we?" she added a bit hesitantly.

"Yes," I lied.

"Do you love me, John?"

"I love you terribly much," I lied.

"Oh, everything is so wonderful. I'll be good for you, and you're so good for me, John," she said.

I dropped her off at her hotel and said that I would talk to her later that night after she saw Fenton. When I got to my apartment, I realized how weary I was. Before I fell into bed, I called Evvie.

She asked, "Where have you been?"

"With Dolores," I said.

"Since Friday night?" she asked directly.

"Yes," I confessed. There was a pause at her end.

"I can explain. Let me buy you breakfast tomorrow morning?"

"All right John." She sounded dubious.

I hung up and dragged the telephone to the bathroom, muffled it with a heavy bath towel so I could sleep the night through. I wasn't in any condition to explain anything to Fenton after Dolores broke the news to him, and I certainly didn't care to talk to Dolores.

What happened Monday and the rest of the week? Evvie broke her breakfast date with me; Fenton must have called her Sunday night. I never had a chance to tell her what happened; she was plenty sore with whatever she heard because she cut me dead when we saw each other in the hall. I wrote her long letters; I don't think she even bothered to open them. And Fenton, wouldn't you think that a best friend's entitled to a minute of his time? He's so disgusted, he didn't bother to come down to the office because of the possibility he would see me. I heard he resigned; the rumors are that he's going to spend all his time writing scripts for stage and television.

Because of Dolores I stayed away from my apartment in the evening. It's true she was the most fantastic creature in bed it has been my good fortune to enjoy. Yet when I think about Evvie,

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and her gentleness, security, and the completeness, I know that the heat that Dolores brought to me was a conquerable thing, restless and elusive. It's great for a lark, but not marriage.

But I didn't figure on Dolores and how persistent she would be. She kept calling and calling, leaving me notes, pleading with me to come and see her.

I'm thinking about Fenton. It's just a matter of time, I keep telling myself, when he'll understand that I did it all for him. I knew because of his short stature, and his particular kind of personality, that he was dazzled by the shimmering, and tantalizing femaleness that Dolores possessed. That cat-like, rubbing electric spark she shot into every man. I knew what would be best for Fenton. A nice quiet type girl, who wanted to make a home and raise a few kids. A girl like Evvie.

Evvie! I had forgotten about her. I knew that she would come around soon. I would explain things to her, and she would understand my helping Fenton see the light about Dolores. Now there was the kind of girl I should marry; I know that now.

Right then I decided that I would ask Evvie to marry me. I felt great, released from the week's agony and confusion, and feeling lousy because my whole plan backfired into my own face.

I picked up the phone and called Evvie.

"Hello," I heard her sweet melodious voice again, and I knew I was making the right decision.

"Evvie, sweetheart, it's me, John. Please don't hang up. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you I love you . . . What? I can't hear you. Yes, I know. But darling, I want to ask you to marry me. Right away . . ."

There was a long pause on the other end. It seemed like an eternity of waiting. I smiled a little to myself, now that I had made up my mind, I felt good.

"Evvie, I'm waiting for your answer . . ."

"John," she said, "Fenton is here, and we were just talking about you . . ."

I interrupted. "That's great, I've been trying to reach him for a week. I have something to explain to you both and I can get over there in fifteen minutes."

"Never mind coming here John, I can tell you now that Fenton and I are getting married in Las Vegas tonight. We're flying down in about an hour. Wish us luck . . ."

Something inside me went dead. I hung up the phone, and walked over to the bar.

"Another double martini," I said to the bartender. I knew I had to get under fast, real fast.

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NUDITY, from page 38

distinction of rank in their dress, all being in a state of Nature; that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture among them."

It will probably surprise most people but the use of drawers was almost unknown in England until about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Drawers were considered masculine. However, the instructions on how to wear them ("not to descend below the knee") carefully kept the secret from the knowledge of the general observer.

Another reason for a long prejudice against them was that prostitutes, professionally sensitive to refined things and cleanliness, accepted the drawers from the beginning.

Drawers reached the French Court towards the end of the fourteenth century and held on through the sixteenth century by virtue of a new fashion called farthingale. They seemed to have dropped out of use in the seventeenth century.

In eighteenth century, it is reported that outside of most actresses, Parisian women did not wear drawers. Even at that, they were not necessarily worn by ballet dancers or actresses. But the police made this compulsory for ladies appearing on the stage when in 1727 a young ballerina had her skirt accidentally torn away by a piece of stage equipment. Feelings about modesty became very acute in the nineteenth century. In our country, the Ladies' Home Journal magazine decided to avoid, in future, all reference to ladies' under-things because "the treatment of this subject in print calls for minutiae of detail which is extremely and pardonably offensive to refined and sensitive women."

It was not so long ago that swimming suits, more properly termed swimming costumes, daringly permitted the exhibition of the lower part of the thigh, but never the upper part. The swimming regulations of English clubs were more specific: "the female swimmer's costume shall extend to within not more than three inches from the knee."

The layers of clothing required for the fair young lady in the nineteenth century more than compensated for the centuries of the single garment. This was a period of the most contrived fashions. The garment became an object in itself and removed itself from the main point of concern — the body.

Today, we have not returned to the single garment of the early periods, although adventure-and-publicity minded

young ladies feel that the single garment is a superior style of dress.

In another society like the Moham-medans, the center of modesty is the face, rather than the body. The Moslem woman of Egypt once used to wear a single garment, open from arm-pits down to the knees on each side, which revealed the body with every movement. The garment's exposures were a matter of indifference to her; her prime concern was, "is my face fully covered?"

Or, consider certain naked African maidens who covered their backsides with hanging leaves from a girdle. If they were caught without their leaves, they threw themselves on the ground on their backs, to avoid embarrassment.

It may be a point that the small number of American nudists indicate that this country's male does not generally prefer total nakedness. The American male likes some clothes on his women insofar as they enhance the mystery of femininity. Maybe this is because he wants his woman to appear modest; the more modest she is, the more exciting she becomes. Even the prostitute will seem more erotic by simulating modesty. Havelock Ellis, one of the world's great sex researchers, observed, "modesty is an expression of feminine erotic impulse."

Among certain tribes in the Oceanic region, the sexual organs are only covered during their erotic dances. Moreover, in some parts of the world only prostitutes are clothed. The artist's model is much less exposed to the liberties from men when nude than when she is partially exposed. (There is something in the observation that most models who pose naked undress either behind a screen or in another room.)

Several scholars have advanced the thought that the jealousy of husbands is the primary origin of clothing. In some sections of the world, unmarried women, though full grown, wear no clothes at all, but the married ones are fully clothed. To the husband's mind, the garments are moral and physical protection against any attack on his "property."

What will the future bring to the realm of clothing? Science fiction writers for the most part garb the thirtieth century western woman with a single thin dress similar to the early classical days. Or will the futuristic lady be so heavily covered that men will thrill at the sight of an exposed ankle? Whatever may be her dress, one can be sure that the lady, as in the days of old, will be dressing to please the man.

Adam's TALES

MISS JONES was explaining to her third-graders the meaning of "frugal." She explained it meant "saving," and then asked the pupils to write a short composition using the word. Little Mammie submitted the following:

"The beautiful princess was walking in the woods. She fell in the lake and was drowning. A handsome Prince came riding by and heard her cry out, 'Oh, please frugal me.' So the Prince frugaled her, and they got married, and lived happily ever after."

* * *

THERE WAS once a time when lady representatives in France's Assembly managed to have all brothels outlawed. The brothels got around the edict by promptly calling themselves private clubs. Shortly afterwards, an elderly gentleman, unaware of the change, knocked at the door of one of the "clubs." The doorman who had been instructed to keep up the impression that this was a private club asked, "Active member?"

"I hope so," the old man replied.

* * *

K. KRANSTON was on a business trip, traveling by Pullman. When he pulled back the curtain of her berth, he was amazed to find two shapely blondes sleeping there. He checked his ticket to be sure he was right and said:

"I'm very sorry, ladies, but I'm a married man, a man of respect and standing in the community. I can't afford a scandal. I'm sorry—but one of you ladies will have to leave."

* * *



A HARD DRIVING executive was advised to have a medical checkup. The doctor, after a thorough examination, couldn't figure out exactly what was wrong. So he questioned the executive again. "Don't mind if I get personal," said the doctor, "but how often do you uh..."

The executive spoke up, "Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday."

"Now," said the doctor, "I think you would be better off if you cut out your Thursdays."

The executive snorted, "Impossible! That's the one night in the week I'm home."

* * *

A MARINE regiment returned to the base after a rough and long maneuver. In their absence, they discovered, a contingent of WACs billeted, awaiting assignment to various posts. The Marine colonel spoke to the WAC commander, warning her that the men had been away a long time and might not be too careful on their attitudes toward the WACs.

"Keep 'em locked up," he said, "if you don't want any trouble."

The lady officer confidently replied, tapping her forehead, "Don't worry, my girls have it up here."

"Madam," barked the Marine, "it makes no difference where they have it, my boys will find it. Keep 'em locked up."

* * *

"I love you, dear"—she told him and with that removed her dress.

"You're everything I'd want, I really must confess.

You're so good to me, dear love, So tender and so sweet"—

And as she spoke, her dainty slip Came tumbling round her feet.

She whispered: "Only rest assured That you will never lose"

And slid her hose from her shapely legs And placed them in her shoes.

"My darling I'm so much in love I cannot give you more"—

And slid her brassiere from her arm And dropped it to the floor

"A burning love like ours You never will need doubt."

She dropped her stepins from her waist And from them she stepped out.

"Remember I belong to you, I'm yours and yours alone;

"Good night," she whispered softly— And then hung up the phone.

* * *

THE MOTHER of an artist model had great pride in the innocence and accomplishments of her glamorous daughter. When the girl sat for artists, the mother always accompanied her, giving the explanation that the daughter had been reared in a very cloistered manner. The mother proudly announced to one artist that the young lady knew the Scriptures especially well and could answer almost any Biblical question.

The artist was asked to put her to a test. He asked, after thinking for a moment, "Miss Dora, could you tell me who was the first man?"

Dora's eyes flashed with anger. "How dare you ask me that!" she cried.

* * *

A SECRETARY walked into her boss' office and announced:

"Sir, I just found a new position."

Boss: "Fine! Close the door and let's try it out!"

* * *



"I'm off to keep my date with ADAM for the next issue. Be seeing you!"



gay frolic
with a nude
in the hills!
see page 3 ✓



he could have
any woman
he wanted!
see page 4



Private session
with
photog and
model!
see page 7

truth about
nightlife in
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see page 20

